

EXT. FAVIAN CRIB - DAWN

MAVADO

(music)

Anywaaaaaaaaaaaaaay!

FAVIAN SAGE - 20 years old, strolling down the road with the extensive swagger of a Jamaican man. The massive sun glaring behind him, he was a silhouette covered in heat-waves.

Disco devil blasting. B-roll of the dirty brownstone townhomes.

FAVIAN approaches the camera crew and invites them inside. Smacking the penjamin, he blows smoke into the camera.

FAVIAN

Wagwan bossy, come in.

We follow him inside, sped up and slowed down.

INT. FAVIAN CRIB - DAY

FAVIAN (CONT'D)

Welcome to me crib, mun.

Crowded with trash and litter, his living room was filthy - you could practically smell the stench through the lens.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)

We got'a dub speakas', mun. Tis be te only way to listen to mi new album.

ROHAN sitting on the couch stoned, long dreads, real rasta, his eyes blood-shot.

ROHAN

All de' gyals get dirty to mi sound... Tsk. De pum pum. Mi a di badman. Dem fear mi, real rasta. Dis spliff yasho rid of di evil, seen? Jah jah blessed dis weed. Respect.

He taps his blunt into the ashtray and puffs.

ROHAN (CONT'D)

No singas. Only me.

FAVIAN
Check out this too! We got ta
playstations, ta xbox, ta wii, mun.
Everyting.

Generations of consoles stacked on top of each other. Inside the cabinet/stand was a dozen games, most of which were never touched.

CUT TO:

INT. CRIB - MIDDAY

FAVIAN taking the fattest rip from a fat dildo bong, his grills caked with taki dust.

EXT. ROOF TOP - NIGHT

FAVIAN looking introspective, toting a blunt, his head looking up at the night sky.

Montage ends.

INT. KITCHEN OF FAVIANS CRIB - DAY

MIKE, early 20s. He was undeveloped, meth'd up steve-o lookin crack addict - He was seen pacing in the hallway, his eyes wide open and dry from an all-nighter. FAVIAN walks up to him introducing him.

FAVIAN
Tis be MIKE, breda.

MIKE
(yelling)
Sup bro!!!

A faint mumble heard from behind, most likely a production crew member.

SOUND GUY (O.S.)
Smells like shit.

We follow FAVIAN through the narrow graffiti covered walls into what he labels the "smoke room". A sock hanging on the doorknob, FAVIAN ignoring this clue opens the door to - a huge cloud of smoke as we enter through the door.

FAVIAN
Tis be the room to get smacked in,
mun.

FAVIAN chuckles until he walks through the large mist of smoke to see- LEROY pounding a fat hooker, she was hitting a bong. A sacred bong.

FAVIAN (CAUGHT OFF GUARD, NO ACCENT) (CONT'D)
Hey! That's my bong, **bitch!**

FAVIAN *quickly* snatches the bong. LEROY *unphased*, still fucking her in a trance. FAVIAN held onto the bong as if it was his baby.

He walks out and slams the door.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
Tis be one of my first bongs, mun.
Its'a special to me, seen?

His speech quickly transferred back to jamaican.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
So, yeah, mun. I think LEROY's on a
little more than weed...

LEROY (INT)
FAVIAN calls that the smack room,
he means drugs, but I think love...
And drugs. (a beat) Bro.

We continue following FAVIAN down the hallway.

CUT TO:

FAVIAN walking up the stairs, MIKE is seen coming upstairs after them.

FAVIAN
You want to help, mun?

MIKE
Yeah yeah no, I j-just wanna show
em' my room yeah.

MIKE leads the way to his room. The room is a mess of disassembled electronics and random objects one would find discarded on the streets. Each possession lying carelessly on old stained beige carpeting, which reeks of piss.

FAVIAN grips the door frame, (mimicking a pull up) when entering as if it was a basketball hoop.

MIKEs bed is just a mattress on the floor with stained messy sheets, cockroaches skitter as the crew enters.

FAVIAN steps on a cockroach.

FAVIAN
Clean this mess up! Bombaclot!

LEROY (L.C)
Bro it's like crazy, we've had like
3 bug infestations since I moved
in.

MIKE
One time, we had, like, t-t-this hu-
huge ass sp-p-pider come out of the
ss-ceilin', man!

MIKE would try to hold in his laughter.

MIKE (CONT'D)
S-Sss-HIT was fucked.

The obvious reason would be all the expired food and trash lying around the house, which MIKE seems to have not grasped yet or simply does not care.

FAVIANs eyes would light up with excitement.

FAVIAN (O.S.)
Hey, do some-ting crazy for the
camera.

MIKE jumps on his mattress and does a 360 backflip, nearly hitting his ceiling fan.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
You nearly hit the fan, that
would've been sick. Do it again.

Evil grin.

MIKE would look at FAVIAN with fear in his eyes. He performs the trick again, this time hitting the fan with his torso and causing the blade to spin off.

Camera pans back to FAVIAN, smiling. The clip plays in slow motion, it syncs to heavy metal in the background.

CUT TO:

He heads into his room.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
Tis be tha masta bed room!

Bob marley posters, stacks of more dub speakers, weed paintings, rainbow rasta bongos, backwoods on the coffee table next to plates with unfinished Eggos, and his messy floor.

The floor littered with pizza boxes, chinese take-out boxes, and used blunts.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
You want the spliff, yeah?

FAVIAN chuckles.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
Look at tis, mun. Look, look.

FAVIAN pulls out a nude magazine, cuts to him flipping through the pages, blunt still in his mouth. Looking down, but he was thinking of better times.

FAVIAN (V.O.)
Tis one was fo' hard times, mun.

The nude magazine featured an image of "Jenny".

FAVIAN
Ya ever smoke out'a GP5, mun? Wit tree, no wood. Smoke loud, seen.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
I get it ain't clean but, it be a honest look into da' artist ya' know? It's kinda like how my mind works, just a bunch of SHIT all cluttered togetha', sometimes I can make art out of it sometimes it just sits there ya' know? Like, mun, think of dis' beer can castle I made ya'?

FAVIAN would show off a castle he made with beer cans...

MIKE
Bro, that shih--- that shih--- that shits deh...d-d-deep! Keep goin'.

FAVIAN would go on and on about how deep his mind is, and the audio would fade out.

LEROY(L.C)

He can just go on forever talking
about that shit, it can get pretty
deep sometimes I ain't gonna lie.

A record scratch would play, it cuts to FAVIAN continuing the tour. He shows off the rest of the rooms on the current floor which are still dirty but clean in comparison to his.

FAVIAN

Yeah, mun. Tis be the stripper po'
right here.

FAVIAN suddenly encounters a delta wave, he cuts off whatever he was talking about and just stares for a few pico-seconds into the camera.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)

Mi remember tis one stupid ting
MIKE done. eeeeh.. bomboclaaaat..

FAVIAN (CONT'D)

Mi had dis weed farm, heard? But
fucking bomboclat MIKE ass
pussyclot destroyed it! Dis ugly
fucka!

EXT. WEED FARM - NIGHT

MIKE was trotting around in his underwear, fingers touching the leaves, his other hand holding a can of gasoline.

FAVIAN (V.O.)

Tis was'a year back, he been in
recovery since, mun. No more funny
business.

He douses the farm in gas and pulls out a blunt to light. The blunt still in his mouth - he jumps into the herbs jeff hardy style.

The leaves catch on fire. He panics and jumps out, rolling out of the leaves, his shoes on fire - he stomped around and started groaning, still on the ground.

A fat hooker (LEROY's sometime-squeeze) comes running towards MIKE, slapping a cloth on his shoe to try and put out the fire.

MIKE being so meth'd and coked up - he kicks her in the face and jumps up, running for it.

CUT TO:

INT. CRIB - DAY

FAVIAN
Oh, and tis be the little room
under the stairs, mun. Check it.

FAVIAN opens the door to the Harry Potter shack, Apathetic guy is seen sitting on his bed. It looks as if the Apathetic guy has no idea as to what is going on.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
Tis' place was originally supposed
to be like, uh, a weed (Like
closet) clause-ed o' some shit. But
nah it's way cooler than that now,
in it?

APATHETIC GUY
Get out.

FAVIAN continues blabbing on about the room, the Apathetic guy looks annoyed.

APATHETIC GUY (CONT'D)
(interview)
They think their smart, but their
not.

LEROY comes down to greet FAVIAN, they do the hood handshake and some rap music plays and syncs to them going up to the 4th floor.

BUZZ BUZZ - FAVIAN's phone began ringing, he stopped moving to begrudgingly grab his phone.

FAVIAN
Aaah shit, mun. These mothafuckas
keep taxing me for de weed...

We wait as FAVIAN answers the phone to talk to the "PLUH".

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
(to PLUH)
Yeah, yeah, mun. Mi coming wit ta
money, noting funny.

He hangs up and leans down against the wall.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
(unsure)
We needa stop by mi homeboys, crib.

FAVIAN picks up the pace, quickly rushing the cameraman to move.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
(confident)
Come on, let's go. Hop in te slab.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BOHAN - DAY

More Brooklyn brownstones, scarier part of the hood -- urban ambience, people fighting in the back, dogs barking, there might have been another deal going down across the block, people laughing and talking faintly.

FAVIANs slab comes to a halt, parked outside of a complex. Before going in, he urges the crew on his plan.

FAVIAN
Ight, we takin' whatever we want.
Everyting up for grabs, ya feel?

He exits the vehicle, slamming the door. The camera follows after him.

KNOCK KNOCK-- we stand at the front entrance...a few seconds go by of waiting, finally the door opens slightly.

NIHILIST
(thick german accent)
Who is it?

FAVIAN
It's me son! FAVIAN in dis bitch.
Let a brotha' in.

NIHILIST unlocks the chains and fully opens the door. We enter into a dimly lit trap house, a few guys sitting on the couch smoking it out.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
Aye, lemme get some of dat. Mi no
weed in me system.

NIHILIST 2 pulls out a glock and sets it down on the table. Practically saying "don't fuck around, asshole."

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
(nervous)
Ight, ight. Just business.

FAVIAN anxiously sits down at the edge of the couch while the man at the front door goes into another room.

NIHILIST 2
Where's the money?

FAVIAN
Relax, mun. We got'a cash in mi pocket.

NIHILIST 3
(mocks FAVIAN)
"We got'a cash in mi pocket."

Laughs fill the room, FAVIAN stayed quiet.

FAVIAN gets up and quickly run into the bathroom.

FAVIAN
(whispers)
These mothafuckas won't know what hit em!

FAVIAN grabs the toilet paper and clogs the toilet with it.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
Quick, grab des' bitches bong and run!

Following after FAVIAN, we exit the bathroom into the living room, FAVIAN quickly snatches a bong and runs for it --

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
(yelling)
YALL NIGGAS SOFT! YALL NIGGAS LIL DEBBIE!

The camera chasing after him. We hear shouting behind us.

NIHILIST
(yelling)
HEY MOTHERFUCKER!

FAVIAN
(to camera guy)
GET IN MI SLAB, MUN. QUICK!

FAVIAN saggy pants struggles to pull up his trousers as he runs he falls to the concrete eating shit.

The camera man runs past him and jumps into the slab.

Quickly FAVIAN sprints to the van, stumbling around. The camera crew pull him in.

CUT TO:

INT. FAVIAN CRIBJAMIN - DAY

Back home, FAVIAN sets the bong on the table.

FAVIAN
Yo Rohan let's cook, mun.

-- Dub beat kicks in.

-- Suddenly were in the recording studio

INT. STUDIO - DAY

FAVIAN
Dubstep originates from de' dub, ya
know? And de' dub originates from
te' roots, mun.

PAN TO the window separating FAVIAN from ROHAN. FAVIAN initiates the beat; ROHAN closes his eyes, his face settling into a look of intense focus, waiting for his cue in the beat.

Once it comes, he spits out his lines with a ferocity that someone with only an intense passion and discipline would. His body language matching, he gestures and emphasizes the lyrics with his hands.

ROHAN
(rapping)
*Rohan de' rasta mun in dis crib.
Wit te glock strapped to mi cock,
with te' crack in mi sock.*

PAN back to look at FAVIAN, who would be nodding his head to the beat, cracking a faint smile.

CUT TO the preparation for the next song.

FAVIAN
Alright mun, this next one is the
title track fo' my upcomin' LP
titled "Stoned in Palestine."
ROHAN, are you ready mun?!

ROHAN
Mi been ready, mun.

Beat kicks in. It's ass.

ROHAN winces, clearly trying to stay professional. When his cue comes, he gives it his all.

FAVIAN jamming to the beat, PAN to ROHAN, trying to find a pocket but the beat was so god awful.

The audience does not get to hear the song in it's entirety. That will be saved for the Joe Rogan interview... Timelapse of day turning to night. FAVIAN looks tired. When ROHAN exits the recording room, he looks exhausted.

FAVIAN
Tat was song was raw!

ROHAN
(STRAINED VOICE)
Thank you. You did well.

FAVIAN
Hah, you don't gotta tell me, mun.

ROHAN exits. Leaving only the crew and FAVIAN.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
Alright mun, time for you to see
how I end a night like dis'.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FAVIAN slumps down on the couch next to Mike. He takes the remote from the console table, and changes the program Mike was watching.

MIKE
B-bru-bbrrrruhhhh-ho, w-whaa-

FAVIAN just looks at him. That makes MIKE shut up.

FAVIAN
(NOT LOOKING AT CAMERA,
WATCHING TV)
I think you get the idea camera
crew. Smoke a bowl, watch the tele,
hit the hay. Probably time for you
guys to go, it's gettin' late.
Wouldn't want to keep ya'll workin'
all night, interestin' as I am.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - MORNING

The camera crew knocks on FAVIANs door. He answers, in nothing but his undies.

SOUND GUY

(IN BACK)

Oh fuck!

FAVIAN

Ahaha, weren't expecting dis' were you? C'mon, you ain't even see my balls calm down.

The crew steps inside, ascending the staircase to the living room. The whole posse is there, Mike, Leroy, Rohan...- APATHETIC GUY leaves once FAVIAN comes up. Shoot this in a way that doesn't require another actor, or use Mocap mod.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)

Don't take it personally crew, he don't like me either. Hey Leroy, why don'tcha make ya' famous waffles fo' the crew and I's ya'?

LEROY

Sure boss.

LEROY gets up to make waffles. ROHAN gets up with him to go use the bathroom.

FAVIAN

Mike me boy, what are we watchin'?

MIKE

Bruh-B-Breaking B-ad.

FAVIAN

Oh man that's a good show! Sure sure, let's watch that.

FAVIAN kicks out his feet on the console table as he sits down on the couch with MIKE.
CUT TO, FAVIAN notices how long ROHAN has been gone in the bathroom, the fan spinning the whole time...

The cameraman follows FAVIAN to the bathroom , they find Rohan smoking from a blunt.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
 (mad, no accent)
 Oh, my god, DUDE! You're smokin' a
 FUCKING spliff in the bathroom, no!

Rohan shrugs and continues to smoke, this only further irritates FAVIAN.

ROHAN (INT)
 Mi nuh gi nuh **fuck** wah vanilla say!
 Ya think you a rastaman, you's
 nuttin! Moterfucka... Mi need dey
 weed to calm.

The camera cuts- Rohan ripping the bong hard.

ROHAN (CALM) (CONT'D)
 Him needs mi tuh save fi him rap
 carea. Mi bless wid a voice, seen?
 Yuh nuh wa fi si dis bowy rap. Yuh
 nuh need fi stress out, rasta.

CUT BACK TO:

FAVIAN (SHOUTING)
 If you don't put that shit out
right now I'm gonna kick your ass
out the door!

Intense music plays, the camera zooms into FAVIANs face, clearly angry. And Rohan's face, clearly not giving two fucks.

MIKE (L.C)
 S-S-Shit was ge-t-ting intense man!

CUT TO:

Ghetto transitional intro - intense music cuts back in.

FAVIAN and LEROY, staring each other down - mexican standoff style.

MIKE (L.C) (CONT'D)
 I-I-I was like kuh-kinda c-
 considerin' jumpin' in and b-b-
 reaking it uh-up.

FAVIAN (TOP OF HIS LUNGS)
 That's IT. YOU'RE FUCKING OUT!

Rohan gets up, rolling his eyes, and leaves without saying a word.

ROHAN

(L.C) Tat' waz whin mi dial up
LEROY to see if he g'wan face an
8th Home De-pot raw rasta ganja
style.

The camera follows Rohan down the stairs.

ROHAN (CONT'D)

W'gwan LEROY? (phone chatter) Cho,
g'wan face n' 8th da Home De-pot
LEROY? (phone chatter) ya' (phone
chatter) my boy dat, ya', I see ya'
tair.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

99' Gray Crown Victoria pulls into a parking spot at Home Depot. If we can, this should be from the inside of the car, back passenger seat. The car should be hotboxed.

ROHAN

Wa'gwan park tha' slab n' wade fo'
homeboy. Dis weed blessed, seen?

Rohan takes another hit from a fat blunt, and fills up the car with even more smoke. Cut, and finally LEROY pulls up on a bike.

ROHAN (CONT'D)

Bossman los'tis license back in
nine-ting, we don' talk boud'id.

Rohan and the cameraman exit the 99' Crown Victoria.

LEROY

Whaddup bro? Oh shit you already
lit up.

ROHAN

Heh, wagwan, you took forever so
ya left me no ota' choice. C'mon,
let's go.

Rohan passes the joint to LEROY and they enter Home Depot. They walk around pestering various customers until and employee comes up to kick them out of the store.

HOME DE-POT EMPLOYEE
Hey! Hey! Hey!

Rohan and LEROY at this point have nearly finished the blunt, they are stoned out of their minds, LEROY more than Rohan. It takes them a moment to register that the employee is after THEIR attention.

LEROY
Someone is in trouble bro... Haha,
glad it's not us.

HOME DE-POT EMPLOYEE
Hey I'm talking to you two, take it
outside! We don't want that crap in
our store!

ROHAN
Bombaclat...

Rohan and LEROY are stunned for a moment, processing what the woman is trying to tell them.

ROHAN (CONT'D)
We'gan go, we chill, nuttin' up
wit' us be chill.

HOME DE-POT EMPLOYEE
Whatever just take it outside!

Rohan and LEROY begin to turn around to exit the store, finishing the last of their blunt along the way.

LEROY
Well she was pretty chill man, she
was pretty cool alright.

ROHAN
Jah jah yute. A promise is a
comfort fe a fool. Make you tink
that tings matter, when all that
matter is that the sun come up and
we have good time and laughter and
ting, seen?

Rohan and LEROY get lost. The scene turns into Redcliff Home Depot and they circle round to the back of the store again.

LEROY

Film me on this ladder cameraman!

LEROY climbs the stocking ladder.

ROHAN

Hit de weed and ye a real badman,
respect.

LEROY taps the blunt and does a dance. Overstepping off the edge - he falls and loses balance. Tumbling down each step with a painful thud.

ROHAN (CONT'D)

OH SHIT LEROY!

LEROY would get up, slowly. The adrenaline from the injury negating much of the high.

LEROY

Oh shit bro, we were supposed to
get out of here let's just go. I'm
fine.

LEROY and Rohan quickly make their way to the front of the store to leave, LEROY limping all the way. Without thinking, the both of them walk straight through the front desk, multiple employees call them out. The cameraman simply walks around the desk, but does not escape the ire of the employees.

Meanwhile, at the same time, FAVIAN had been preparing for his interview with Joe Rogan to promote his new LP, "Stoned in Palestine."

INT. FAVIAN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

FAVIAN is looking for what clothes to wear during his interview. Delicately crafting an outfit that will make the best impression on both Joe and his audience. He lands on an oversized clean white t-shirt and ripped jeans. To secure the look, he puts a 14k thick gold chain around his neck and a NY Mets cap on his greasy head.

FAVIAN

(Sounding less Rasta, more
Hood)

This'll make a good'n-expression.

FAVIAN takes off the clothes, puts them in his suitcase along with the other items one usually travels with and takes off. We travel with FAVIAN, ride with him on the bus to the airport, and watch him go through security. A scene of an airplane taking off, fade into a timelapse of the sun going down. It is now night. The plane lands, and FAVIAN gets off to collect his luggage.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

FAVIAN

We hea' waiting for the shuttle...
Man that flight sucked, I got
surround sound of babies cryin it
was just awful. I can't wait to get
to my room and sleep.

The shuttle arrives and FAVIAN gets on.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

FAVIAN crashes on his bed.

FAVIAN

Tomorrow is de' big day. Stoned In
Palestine officially drops, and I
get the chance to sell it on big
man Joe Rogan's podcast! Man, if I
screw dis' up I dunno if there'll
be anotha' chance for me. I neva'
been as big as I deserve to be, but
this is God throwin' me a bone.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)

(NO ACCENT)

Fuck.

INT. JOE ROGAN PODCAST ROOM

Black screen -- fade in text.

*To protect the privacy of Joe
Rogan, we opted not to film the
outside of his studio. This is a
clip from the podcast, as it was
uploaded on April 20th, 2025.*

JOE ROGAN

So your new LP came out today
titled "Stoned in Palestine."

FAVIAN

Yuh mun.

JOE ROGAN

Interesting name.

FAVIAN

Yuh mun.

JOE sparks up a blunt, eyeballing FAVIAN across the long table.

JOE ROGAN

FAVIAN, I thought you were a rasta
man. You don't have your own joint?

FAVIAN

What te fuck mun? Pass that shit.

JOE ROGAN

(Laughs, looks at
production guy)
I'm just kidding, hey lackey get
him a joint.

JOE ROGAN (CONT'D)

So what's going on, man? You
getting high?

FAVIAN

Yuh, mun. All day, banging out
sets. Toting de weed. Lifestyle,
mun. Respect.

JOE ROGAN

Mhm. Well your new album, how did
that go? Like- How did you go about
making it? The recording process.

FAVIAN

Mi boy Rohan da rasta mun on de
vocals. We hopped in the studio and
we just cook, mun. Took weeks, mun.
I remember dis one day mi boy MIKE
came in-

JOE ROGAN

Mike? Who's Mike?

FAVIAN

Mi boy, mun. Good friend of mine.
Recovering crack addict. And de
meth.

JOE ROGAN

Yeah, man. Meth sucks. I remember
this one video, of this monkey-

JOE quickly grabs the remote and turns on the big flat screen
to -- A monkey hitting a bong. JOE laughs. The monkey runs
off to eat some cheetos.

FAVIAN

Hah! He got ta munchies!

JOE ROGAN

Not like me, at all. When I get
high I just want to pump iron. I
feel this **deep inner rage** burning
inside of me. Just gotta let it
out, ya know?

FAVIAN

I don't tink that's weed your
smoking, mun.

JOE ROGAN

(cuts off favian mid
sentence)

Stoned in Palestine!

Shows an image of the album art on the flat screen.

JOE ROGAN (CONT'D)

How did you take that photo, man?
Were you actually in Palestine?

FAVIAN

Yeah, mun. Real story. Mi boy Rohan
took de flick when we was posted up
at de wall.

JOE ROGAN

Wow, so you were actually stoned in
Palestine?

FAVIAN

Favian never lie.

CUT TO:

In white text - *Favian has never been to Palestine.*

JOE ROGAN
Let's play one of these jams.

JOE plays the song. ROGANS face settled into displeasure.
FAVIAN head banging to the beat. Eyes closed.

JOE ROGAN (CONT'D)
(Talking over the song)
This is Rohan rapping?

FAVIAN
Yes, mun.

Song finishes. Awkward silence.

JOE ROGAN
That was ass and offensive.

FAVIAN
What?

JOE ROGAN
That was garbage. This can't be
serious, right? You made a mockery
out of Palestine.

FAVIAN
No I didn't! Just- Rohan was
smoking there!

JOE ROGAN
Should you really have been smoking
next to the wailing wall? How did
you escape with your lives?

FAVIAN
Well, mun-

JOE ROGAN
(interrupts)
I don't think **you've really been to
Palestine.**

FAVIAN
(gets angry)
Yes I have, mun!

JOE's face turned red.

JOE ROGAN
I wasn't done talking, shit head.
Don't interrupt me.

A beat.

JOE ROGAN (CONT'D)
 I don't want you in this studio. I
 hope you get fucking cancelled.

CUT TO:

INT. FAVIAN CRIBJAMIN - NIGHT

FAVIAN walks in to see -- ROHAN sitting on the couch with
 MIKE, next to LEROY, and apathetic guy looking at the TV in
 shock.

FAVIAN
 What te fuck, mun? Why are you
 back?

ROHAN
 (laughs)
 Mi saw de interview.

A beat.

ROHAN (CONT'D)
 We all saw de interview.

Everyone in silence.

ROHAN (CONT'D)
 So much for stoned in palestine,
 huh? I told you dat beat was trash!

FAVIAN lunges at ROHAN, screaming at the top of his lungs (no
 accent).

ROHAN (CONT'D)
 (caught off guard)
 Whoa, man! Watch out for de weed!

ROHAN drops his bong -- it shatters to the ground. The others
 jump off the couch to let them fight it out -- suddenly we
 hear a knock at the door.

MIKE
 G-g-g-guys.. Someone is at t-t-the
 d-d-d-door.

They refused to stop fighting, FAVIAN grabbing another bong
 and smashing it over ROHAN's head.

We hear shouting at the door.

NIHILIST
 (SHOUTING)
 OPEN UP! IT'S THE IRS. WE HAVE
 ARRIVED TO TAX THE WEED!

Everyone freezes.

NIHILIST 3
 WE WILL KICK THIS SCHEISSE DOWN IF
 YOU DON'T ANSWER IN - 5. 4. 3. 2--

LEROY
 (shouts)
 COMING!

LEROY jumps down the stairs and unlocks the deadbolt.

He opens the door and the NIHILISTS barge in. LEROY falls to the ground. One of the NIHILISTS was equipped with a baseball bat. Smashing the window.

Picking up LEROY by his shirt collar.

NIHILIST
 (heavy thick accent)
 Where's the money?

LEROY
 (in shock)
 What the fuck you want??

NIHILIST
 (angrier, even harder to
 understand)
 WHERE'S ZE MONEY, SHIT HEAD??!

LEROY
 I DON'T KNOW, BRO!

NIHILIST slams him back to the ground and continues walking, his loud boots could be heard coming up the stairs.

FAVIAN and ROHAN still fighting on the ground, their shirts were ripped up at this point.

One of the NIHILISTS grabs FAVIAN and drags him to the bathroom. Slamming his head in the shitter. Unflushed. LEROY hears the commotion and tries to get up -- the NIHILISTS pushes him back down.

NIHILIST
 Stay ze fuck down.

LEROY responds with a punch to the face, hitting the NIHILIST in his nose, he comes crashing down to the ground.

FAVIANS head getting repeatedly shoved in the shitter. The other NIHILIST holding a baseball bat quickly knocked LEROY over the head.

APATHETIC GUY
(mumbles)
Coulda seen that coming.

NIHILIST 3
What you said?

APATHETIC GUY
Nothing.

CUT BACK TO:

FAVIAN gripping the toilet seat, trying his hardest to escape the shit hell hole.

NIHILIST
(SHOUTING IN ANGRY GERMAN)
WHERE'S ZE FUCKING MONEY?

FAVIAN
I--

FAVIAN not being able to speak from the constant head swaying into the shit.

NIHILIST
(to camera)
Doesn't zis' look dope?

NIHILIST brings his head back up to let him breathe for a second. FAVIAN gasping for air.

FAVIAN
(No accent for rest of scene, heavy breathing)
There's a vault in my office, up the stairs to the left.

FAVIAN falls back as the NIHILIST lets go of his head and goes to find the cash. FAVIAN stationary on the ground, he looked at the camera.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
(mouthing)
There is no money.

CUT TO the NIHILIST finds there is no money. He comes down the stairs.

NIHILIST
ZERE IS NOT FUCKING MONEY LEBOWSK-
FAVIAN!

APATHETIC GUY
Subtle.

NIHILIST 3 slaps Apathetic Guy for his attitude in a similar way to in the Biggus Dickus scene from Life of Brian.

NIHILIST 3
Quiet you, ugh.

FAVIAN
There's no fucking money man
because I've got none! My fuckin'
LP ain't sellin' cause Joe Rogan
shat all over it!

NIHILIST
(curious)
Zat is not my problem...- Show me
this LP.

FAVIAN
It's on the table there next to
your lacky.

NIHILIST 1 approaches Favian to effeminately slap him.

NIHILIST
HUSH! And your turntable?

FAVIAN points to it underneath the large flat screen TV.
NIHILIST 3 puts the LP on the turntable, but has no idea how to turn it, or the mixer to play it on. FAVIAN hurries over to help him.

FAVIAN
Uh, like this dude.

FAVIAN sits back down on the couch, a mix of nervousness and excitement at the wondering of their reaction. These nihilists are not like the mainstream, maybe they'll like his work he thought.

The song plays. The nihilists settle and listen.

Only 30 seconds in, NIHILIST 2 wakes up from being knocked out, calmly getting up, and kicks the turntable, destroying it and the vinyl being played on it. NIHILIST 1 just stares at Favian.

MIKE

I-I th-thouh-thought it was good!

All the nihilists begin laughing at this. NIHILIST 3 shatters the TV, and all follow by wrecking everything in the apartment. When they are finished, the nihilists leave without words, not even looking back at MIKE, LEROY, APATHETIC GUY, OR FAVIAN.

APATHETIC GUY gets up and goes downstairs out of view of the camera.

FAVIAN slides off the couch and curls into a ball, he looked numb. ROHAN stares down at him.

ROHAN

Wah di fuck Favian? wah di fuck did that? mi kno wah dat did it did di great consequence tuh whulla yuh actions wah di fuck wah di fuck ku pan dis mess! There's no more apartment! Everything's bin destroyed! wi ave nothing! an there's sup'm man there's sup'm wi nuh ave nutt'm wi nuh connect inna years man yuh nuh let mi mek one fuckin' song an you've completely fallen off nuh dat yuh did eva dat fucking gud inna di fos place but fuck I- Ugh Fuck dis wi dun.

ROHAN walks out. No bongs left to take. MIKE leaves silently with him. Each one steps over LEROY on the landing of the stairs, he was passed out. ROHAN stops, gets down and puts his hand on LEROY's chest before continuing on his way to the exit.

FAVIAN weakly gets up, walks to his room and crawls into bed. No words to camera man. Lights turn off.

NEW MORNING

Knock on the door. LEROY answers.

LEROY

(tired)

Want some coffee?

Bowl of fruity loops was on display, FAVIAN chowing down. LEROY opens the fridge and grabs a 3 month old iced coffee. Sets it on the counter.

FAVIAN
(food in his mouth, no
accent)
It's bullshit. How much of last
night do you remember?

LEROY
I remember answering the door to a
bunch of skinny guys dressed in all
black... Uh... I think they wanted
money.

FAVIAN
Not far off. They wanted money,
yeah. They were nihilists, or so
they called themselves. Just a
bunch of fuckin' teenagers going
around lookin' to cause trouble.
They came here last night, knocked
you out, and then demanded to know
where my money was kept. I didn't
wanna tell them, that was my
fuckin' life savings bro. And you
know with Stoned in Palestine
flopping, thanks Joe, I really
coulda used those savings. Well,
getting ahead of myself, they threw
me in the toilet. Someone didn't
flush it, dunno who.

FAVIAN knows exactly who. He rolled his eyes, implying to
LEROY that he didn't flush.

FAVIAN (CONT'D)
They smeared my face in the bowl of
shit until I cracked. They took my
money, and then wrecked the rest of
the apartment. Not before making
fun of Stoned in Palestine those
FUCKS.

FAVIAN would get up from his seat and pace, now visibly
agitated. LEROY didn't look like he believed a fucking word
of it. Suddenly, LEROY gets a call from ROHAN.

LEROY
Hold up bro I gotta take this.

LEROY goes upstairs to his room.

LEROY (CONT'D)
 (Coldly)
 What's up bro... Where are you?

ROHAN
 Outta there, you still at FAVIAN's
 crib den?

LEROY
 Yeah...

ROHAN
 Get out. The rest of da' crew
 posted up in a new crib. We put our
 savins' in da bank togetha. Just a
 one room, a temp'ry' ting' til' we
 find somethin' betta.

LEROY
 Give me the address.

LEROY packs up a few belongings in a backpack that weren't
 destroyed and begins his egress. As he comes down the stairs
 into the living room, FAVIAN sees what he's doing and yells
 at him.

FAVIAN
 OH, so NOW YOU'RE GONNA LEAVE TO?!
 WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR FUCKING
 FRIENDSHIP? WE WERE BROTHERS YOU
 FUCKING ASSHOLE! WE HAD SOMETHING!
 YOU, YOU ARE NOTHING WITHOUT ME!
 YOU FUCKING METHED UP SON OF A
 BITCH PRISON CONVINCT RETARD FUCK
 FACE! YOU WILL ROT WITH THEM! GO
 HOMELESS! LIVE IN SQUALOR! YOU ARE
 NOTHING WITHOUT ME, NONE OF YOU
 ARE! YOU'RE LOSERS, YOU'RE NO-

LEROY stops. Turns around walks up to FAVIAN in a quick and
 even pace. This immediately cuts FAVIAN off as his anger
 turns to fear. LEROY punches him in the nose, and FAVIAN
 collapses to the ground in tears. The cameraman pans back
 around as LEROY continues his exit, but does not follow him.
 Once LEROY is out of view, the camera pans back around to
 FAVIAN on the ground, in a puddle of his own blood, and
 tears.

Fade in GOODBYE parody.

Slow fade into FAVIAN in the studio. Mixing his beat, and
 getting ready to rap. He looks through the glass, seeing no
 one there.

He steps through the door, and assumes his position. On cue, he begins to sing. Cut to a montage of him around the city acting sad. This can be entirely improvised.

THE END